SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Spirit of the Magazines.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for Sept.

Jolie Wheeler.

BY MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL.

The strongest love hath yet at times,
A weakness in its power,
And fairest creatures oftentimes
The neediness of flower!
The more I loved, in bitterness
I said a cruel thing —
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

I loved her then—I love her still,—
But then was in my youth
A growing fear, that old pain
Its fount in my mouth
I scarcely honour another's esteem
Had power my heart to wring—
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring.

And when with trembling voice she
Looked up into my face,
I coldly turned away most cruel eyes.
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

Now I, half crushed and half angry,
"you are all flatteringly anxious to get rid of me;
but if Arabella wishes for a fine field of display,
she may have it without waiting for my marriage. Should she feel inclined to secure to herself this charming quartz, who is so delightful a match, I am sure I shall throw no impediment in her way."

"You are talking ridiculously, Eva," said my mother; "Arabella is a very well-principled, well-managed girl, and knows that till she is come out, her place is in the back ground; and if she ever step from thence, it must be for the purpose of endeavoring to set off her eldest sister to advantage."

"Poor Arabella!" I exclaimed, "with such a Cinderella like lot, no wonder she wishes me married. However, to please you, I promise not to change my morning employments, I am quite willing to do so."

My mother, puzzled by this speech, led me to the drawing-room, placed me at the grand piano, and set before me a very difficult Italian bravura.

"You remember this air?" said she; "we were all enchanted at hearing it last spring at ——"

"Yes," I replied: "but I am very doubtful whether the enchantment will continue when it is translated to the piano-forte."

Accordingly I sang it over and over, but my voice was not very strong, and my science not very profound, and, consequently, I was decidedly satisfied with the effect, and desired not to practise the fioriture, and several running exercises for the piano, telling my mother that I had no reason to consider this any degradation, for that the professional singers themselves were often in the habit of doing the same. It was true, Eva observed, that I got pining for ease, air, and freedom, to be told that she was occupied in the same drudgery as if she had been a professional singer. And, as my mercifully long practice, my portfolio of drawings was produced, such as the infinite time wasted by many young ladies in executing, and the infinite pains bestowed by many drawing-masters, and Lancette, my French maid, was summoned to the pending consultation. Lancette, I knew, was very fond of novels, and had read a great predilection for overdressing me, and on the present occasion she was resolute in many contrivances, I appeared in pink silk and blonde, with roses in my hair.

"And you must not wear your hair in bands, Eva," my mother continued; "it makes you look just like a nun."

My mother spoke thus as if a nun were the most unbecoming thing in the world, and I wrote a letter to her head.

"Eva, my love," she said, "you have already heard your father speak of Sir Terence O'Connel, an old friend of mine, who resides in Killkenny." I had not "often" heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent. "He has lately come into a fine property," added my mother, "and your dear father, who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon his good fortune, and he added my name, and your dear father, who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon his good fortune, and he added my name, and I wished to renew the friendship of their youthful days, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report has described as a very remarkably fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm-hearted answer from Sir Terence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now travelling in England, and will be happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was concluded in a few lines from Captain Ormond—he will be with us at dinner time to-day."

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and he is accustomed to neither beauty, money, nor talent, she chose that her feelings in our family could only be sustained by paying the most obsequious court to every member of it. I consequently also only answered by a look of cold disdain my commencing sharp, which my mother might interpret into acquiescence, in her censure, of my coldness, and I hoped that my future conduct might that any fault should be found with an exemplary a daughter as myself.

"I like the manners of the Irish exceedingly," said my mother, "and their freedom from all the English reluctance to mix in society without a formal introduction."

"You did not think so, mamma," said I, smiling. "when Miss O'Halloran came to spend a month with us last summer, the plan that you had once said to her you wished she could stay there only beds."

"The cases are not at all similar, Eva," replied my mother; "an acquaintance with Miss O'Halloran could lead to nothing; but Captain Ormond's visit, coming as a harmless of large property, must be allowed to be an eligible match."

"Very likely," said I, "but he may not be a more agreeable guest in a country house on that account."

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I touched the strings of my guitar, as I spoke, and began to sing.

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"You seem resolved, Eva, never to do any thing to oblige me," she said.

"I am sorry to require so bad a character," I answered; "but how I shudder you by offering to sing a new ballad, I am sure I cannot imagine."

"You ought to be making preparations for the reception of Captain Ormond," she said.

"Willingly, if necessary," I replied: "but what preparations have I to make? Am I to strew the floors with rushes, like the damsels of antiquity, or to hold a colloquy on ways and means with the cook, like the notable housewives of modern times?"

"You ought to practise your last new Italian song, Eva, and to select a dress to wear thereon-ing."

"O mamma, have pity on me! I have been so wearied all the spring with blonde and gauze, German airs, and Italian cavatinas, that I had made up my mind to wear nothing but white muslin, and sing nothing but English ballads, for the next month."

"Eva, the subject is too serious for raillery; your father lives up to his income; he cannot give you a fortune; you are one-and-twenty, your sister Arabella is seventeen, and will come out in another year, and I know she thinks it rather hard that you should not be already married, and leave a clear field to her on her first introduction to the world."

"The poor dear girl lamented it to me only this morning, with tears in her eyes," said my cousin Penelope.

"Really," said I, half amused and half angry, "you are all flatteringly anxious to get rid of me; but if Arabella wishes for a fine field of display, she may have it without waiting for my marriage. Should she feel inclined to secure to herself this charming quartz, who is so delightful a match, I am sure I shall throw no impediment in her way."

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cause I know everybody who hears us will make comparisons to my disadvantage."

"Probably, Eva, you prefer drawing," continued the captain.

"Greatly," she answered, "and I have a very attentive and clever master; but, for-sith, I can give more benefit from Eva than from him: she takes one with her when she sketches from nature, which she does to perfection, and I hope that in time I may be able to effect something in the taste style; at present I am a mere copyist."

"Having such a source of gratification, pupil," said Captain Ormond, "I dare say you prefer the country to London?"

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An Eligible Match.

A Tale of a Country House.

BY MISS ABBY.

I was sitting alone in my boudoir in a state of excitable indolence, not to the dreary indolence of having nothing to do, which would have been the heaviest punishment that the refinement of malice could have inflicted upon me, but in the luxury of abundant and pleasant occupation. My guitar was on my knee, a stand of new songs was before me, a table at a little distance was covered with books and drawing materials; an embroidery frame stood beside it, which was only at present embellished by three leaves and a half finished rose, and on the ground was a small writing-table, on which lay a list of the names of ten friends from whom I had recently received letters, with a quire of fairy-note paper, and a pen, on which I intended to indite my answers. To all these sources of delight was added the consciousness of unbounded leisure to avail myself of them. We had only arrived a few days ago at my father's country house; I was rejoiced to think that the bustle of an unusually gay London season was over, and that I was set free to repair my failed roses and exhausted spirits in the pure air and among the green leaves of the country. My parents had wisely determined to invite no company, by the aid of whom they might transfer the habits of London to ——, and to a summer of shades; and I looked forward to a month of liberty, peace, and unrestrained indolence.

My mother, she moved and spoke with remarkable animation, had just read a letter in her hand.

"Eva, my love," she said, "you have already heard your father speak of Sir Terence O'Connel, an old friend of mine, who resides in Killkenny." I had not "often" heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent. "He has lately come into a fine property," added my mother, "and your dear father, who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon his good fortune, and he added my name, and I wished to renew the friendship of their youthful days, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report has described as a very remarkably fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm-hearted answer from Sir Terence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now travelling in England, and will be happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was concluded in a few lines from Captain Ormond—he will be with us at dinner time to-day."

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elaborate dress, and the consequence was, that when I was arrayed according to her wishes, I looked much more fit for a public breakfast at a villa on the banks of the Thames, than for the quiet morning meal of a family party. My brothers occupied the attention of Captain Ormond during a great part of the time of breakfast by lively sketches of half-a-dozen young men whom he had met at dinner on the preceding day, some of whom were rich, and some clever, and who were all passionate admirers of Eva, and full of attentions to himself in the hope of conciliating their good offices. Captain Ormond was evidently quite tired of the assurance of the family connexion, and I was delighted to see him in the midst of my brothers. In about half an hour my mother entered.

"Eva," said she, "are you inclined to accompany me to the Infant School?"

"Are you going alone?" I asked, suspiciously.

She unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative, and we walked forth. On arriving there, my mother selected seven or eight of the prettiest little ones for the purpose of repeating their lessons to the visitors, and she had just sufficient leisure to grasp their round me, so that I looked like the picture of Charity, encircled by children, when the door opened, and Captain Ormond appeared, conducted by Penelope.

"Ah!" exclaimed Penelope, with affected surprise, "I dare say Captain Ormond feels here, but I cannot say I much wonder at it—really her heart is completely in this school, she is absolutely fond of teaching."

"I am sure," said the schoolmistress, who had opened her eyes very wide at these observations, "I only wish Miss Warwick came here more frequently."

My mother cast an angry glance at her, and made a remark to Captain Ormond on me extreme love of children, pointing at the same time to a little urchin who, encouraged by a sign from herself, had just detached my bonnet from my head, and ran off with it in triumph to the furthest extremity of the room, leaving my long hair flowing down to my waist. Our Cicelia, however, gave me no intimation that her wrongs as a child would be terminated by the morning display of my useful qualities, any more than by their existing exhibition of my brilliant complexion and the best of tempers. At length I left the room, and Captain Ormond walked to a window, and looked longingly on the garden, although he was polite enough to express a wish to see my mother took advantage of the opportunity to whisper to me—

"Eva, you forgot to talk about books, Eva; you have not said a word to prove yourself fit for any: do you not like reading better and other employments, and I am sure you must be a most agreeable companion, and a sultry July day at the open window, with rustling arms close to my face, the smell of vegetation and incense around the window, a second opportunity has been granted, and Captain Ormond, I was convinced, thought that I had learned a certain set of phrases by rote, and that I had run some to the end of my lesson.

A ring at the gate now announced the arrival of my brother, who had driven over early that morning, to pass the whole day with a family at which he had a half-shy, half-confessed engagement, evidently diffidence, ran out to meet him; but her real anxiety was to warn him of the "eligible match" that was in the house, and in a few minutes she re-appeared, leaning upon his arm in affected nullness.

Captain Ormond, who seemed to interest himself much about the tenantry of Sir Terence O'Connel's estate, now asked several questions of my brother concerning the leases, and the condition of the poor in his vicinity.

Mr. Warwick was fortunately able, consistently with truth, to give satisfactory answers, but he rather wandered into the regions of imagination in the store which he ascribed to me of all the good done in the neighborhood.

"Eva deems herself to be the poor," he said, "and is a perfect enthusiast in her love of schools. I do not wish to check in her a feeling so exalted, but I must say here, once before you, Captain Ormond, that she is exceedingly blameable in often exerting herself against the advice of those older and wiser than herself, to a degree that is prejudicial to health."

I did not venture to refute this accusation, although I would have done so with perfect ease; for the fact was, that I had often reproached myself for paying, so little attention to the schools and children that surrounded my father's house.

Captain Ormond, evidently tired of my praises, now turned to Arabella, who had hitherto sat in all the appropriate quietness and reserve of a younger sister, and began a conversation with her, by asking the question usually addressed to young ladies—

"Are you musical?"

"I am extremely fond of music," Arabella said, "but I sing and play very little. Eva is such a proficient, that it quite discourages me; besides, I am always employed in the day."

"Employed!" repeated Captain Ormond, with a look of surprise.

"Yes," she answered, "and I have a very attentive and clever master; but, for-sith, I can give more benefit from Eva than from him: she takes one with her when she sketches from nature, which she does to perfection, and I hope that in time I may be able to effect something in the taste style; at present I am a mere copyist."

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Captain Ormond looked at her for a moment, as much as to say, "you are all a family conspiracy," and then addressed all observations to the party in general, on the tasteful disposition of that portion of the garden which was enclosed by the French windows of the dining-room, and Penelope made-trunk to answer him by answering him that it was all laid out under the direction of Eva's taste and skill. I was most happy when my mother proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room, for really I felt quite bewildered and overcome under the high pressure of the flattery of my relatives.

After tea, Captain Ormond hinted a wish to see the grounds by moonlight, and my mother looked at my riding-habit, crisper blonde trimming, and shining satin slippers, and feared the effect on them of the dew, the damp grass, and gravel walks.

"Poor Arabella!" I exclaimed, "with such a Cinderella like lot, no wonder she wishes me married. However, to please you, I promise not to change my morning employments, I am quite willing to do so."

My mother, puzzled by this speech, led me to the drawing-room, placed me at the grand piano, and set before me a very difficult Italian bravura.

"You remember this air?" said she; "we were all enchanted at hearing it last spring at ——"

"Yes," I replied: "but I am very doubtful whether the enchantment will continue when it is translated to the piano-forte."

Accordingly I sang it over and over, but my voice was not very strong, and my science not very profound, and, consequently, I was decidedly satisfied with the effect, and desired not to practise the fioriture, and several running exercises for the piano, telling my mother that I had no reason to consider this any degradation, for that the professional singers themselves were often in the habit of doing the same. It was true, Eva observed, that I got pining for ease, air, and freedom, to be told that she was occupied in the same drudgery as if she had been a professional singer. And, as my mercifully long practice, my portfolio of drawings was produced, such as the infinite time wasted by many young ladies in executing, and the infinite pains bestowed by many drawing-masters, and Lancette, my French maid, was summoned to the pending consultation. Lancette, I knew, was very fond of novels, and had read a great predilection for overdressing me, and on the present occasion she was resolute in many contrivances. I appeared in pink silk and blonde, with roses in my hair.

"And you must not wear your hair in bands, Eva," my mother continued; "it makes you look just like a nun."

My mother spoke thus as if a nun were the most unbecoming thing in the world, and I wrote a letter to her head.

"Eva, my love," she said, "you have already heard your father speak of Sir Terence O'Connel, an old friend of mine, who resides in Killkenny." I had not "often" heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent. "He has lately come into a fine property," added my mother, "and your dear father, who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon his good fortune, and he added my name, and I wished to renew the friendship of their youthful days, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report has described as a very remarkably fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm-hearted answer from Sir Terence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now travelling in England, and will be happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was concluded in a few lines from Captain Ormond—he will be with us at dinner time to-day."

I felt rather disconcerted that my scheme of quiet and liberty should be thus unexpectedly broken in upon by the introduction of a stranger.

"Is he at home, or abroad?" I asked, "I shall take people an immensity of time to the word, when they utter a host of an invitation."

How dreadfully cold-hearted and inhospitable Eva is!" said my mother, "but as the son of my cousin Penelope, who had followed her into the room.

"When the guest leaves turn cotton —

and he is accustomed to neither beauty, money, nor talent, she chose that her feelings in our family could only be sustained by paying the most obsequious court to every member of it. I consequently also only answered by a look of cold disdain my commencing sharp, which my mother might interpret into acquiescence, in her censure, of my coldness, and I hoped that my future conduct might that any fault should be found with an exemplary a daughter as myself.

"I like the manners of the Irish exceedingly," said my mother, "and their freedom from all the English reluctance to mix in society without a formal introduction."

"You did not think so, mamma," said I, smiling. "when Miss O'Halloran came to spend a month with us last summer, the plan that you had once said to her you wished she could stay there only beds."

"The cases are not at all similar, Eva," replied my mother; "an acquaintance with Miss O'Halloran could lead to nothing; but Captain Ormond's visit, coming as a harmless of large property, must be allowed to be an eligible match."

"Very likely," said I, "but he may not be a more agreeable guest in a country house on that account."

"Eva, I have no patience with you," exclaimed my mother; "you put me in mind of the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean, in Le'nia's Romance Tales."

"Do not utter such a libel on me, mamma," I replied; "I have just been reading them, Captain Ward's new ballads of Moore's, and I am sure they are enough to thaw all the ice of the Frozen Ocean."

I touched the strings of my guitar, as I spoke, and began to sing.

Or do not look so bright and true,
but I suddenly stopped myself, fearful that the words might be supposed to be a personal satire on my respected parent, who looked any thing but bright and false at that moment.

"You seem resolved, Eva, never to do any thing to oblige me," she said.

"I am sorry to require so bad a character," I answered; "but how I shudder you by offering to sing a new ballad, I am sure I cannot imagine."

"You ought to be making preparations for the reception of Captain Ormond," she said.

"Willingly, if necessary," I replied: "but what preparations have I to make? Am I to strew the floors with rushes, like the damsels of

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

Mr. Richard Swiveller, standing somewhere from the Wilderness (for such was the appropriate name of Quilp's choice retreat,) after a sinus and embarrassed salutation to the gentleman and stambles; after stopping suddenly and staring about him, then as suddenly running forward for a few paces, and as suddenly halting again and shaking his head; doing everything with a jerk and nothing by premeditation;—Mr. Richard Swiveller sending his way boomerang after this fashion, which is considered by evil minded men to be symbolical of intoxication, and is not held by such persons to denote that state of deep wisdom and reflection in which the actor knows himself to be, began to think that he completely had his confidence, and that the dwarf might not be precisely the sort of person to whom to entrust a secret of such delicacy and importance. And being led and tempted on by this reasonable thought into a condition which the evil-minded class before referred to would term the maudlin state or stage of drunkenness, it occurred to Mr. Swiveller to cast his hat upon the ground, and mean, crying aloud that he was an unhappy orphan, and that if he had not been an unhappy orphan things had never come to this.

"I left an infant by my parents, at an early age," said Mr. Swiveller, bawaling his hard hat, in which mode the world in my tenderest period, and thrown upon the mercies of a deluding dwarf, who can wonder at my weakness! Here's a miserable orphan for you. Here," said Mr. Swiveller, raising his voice to a high pitch, and looking sleepily round, "is a miserable orphan!"

"Is he indeed?" said somebody hard by, "let me be a father to you."

Mr. Swiveller swayed himself to and fro to recognize his friend, and, looking into a kind of hole which seemed to surround him, at last perceived two eyes dimly twinkling through the mist. which was spread before the eyes of the wretched and unfortunate what he was in what was required of her, Mr. Quilp did not fail to assign her embarrassment to the cause he had on his mind, and while he shouted at her prostration was secretly exasperated by his jealousy.

Nothing of this appeared, however. On the contrary, Mr. Quilp was all sympathy and pity, and presided over the cane bottle of rum with extraordinary open-heartedness.

"Why, let me see," said Quilp. "It must be a matter of nearly two years since we were first acquainted."

"Nearer three, I think," said Trent.

"Nearer three!" cried Quilp, "how fast time flies! Does it seem as long as that to you, Mrs. Quilp?"

"Yes, I think it seems full three years, Quilp," was the unfortunate reply.

"Oh, indeed you have," thought Quilp, "you have been pining, have you? Very good, ma'am."

"It seems to me but yesterday that you went to Doncaster in the Mary Anne," said Quilp; "but yesterday, I declare. Well, I like a little wildness. I was wild myself once."

Mr. Quilp accompanied this admission with such an awful wink, indicative of old swings and backslidings, that Mrs. Jiniwin was indignant, and would not forbear from remarking under her breath that he might at least put off his confessions until his wife was absent; for which act of boldness and insubordination Mr. Quilp first stared her out of countenance and then drank her health ceremoniously.

"I thought you'd come back directly, Fred. I always thought that," said Quilp, setting down his glass. "And when the Mary Anne returned with you on board, instead of a letter to say what a capital match you had been happy you were in the situation that had been provided for you, I was amused—exceedingly amused. Ha ha, ha!"

The young man smiled, but not as though the theme were the most agreeable one that could have been selected for his entertainment; and for that reason Quilp pursued it.

"I always will say," he resumed, "that when a rich relation having two young people—sisters or brothers, or brother and sister—promises him, attaches himself exclusively to one, and casts off the other, he does wrong."

The young man made no movement of impatience, but Quilp went on as calmly as if he were discussing some abstract question in which nobody present had the least concern, and moved.

"It's very true," said Quilp, "that your grandfather urged repeated forgiveness, ingratitude, riot, and extravagance, and all to no purpose. But then — these are common faults." "But he's a scoundrel," said he. "Granting that," said I, "for the moment I am not disposed to dispute it, what's your business with Mr. Quilp?"

"I wonder at that, Mr. Quilp," said the young man, sarcastically.

"Well, so did I at the time," returned Quilp, "but he was always cheerful. He was in a manner a friend of mine, but he was always abstinence and wrong headed. Little Neil is a nice girl, a charming girl, but you're her brother, Frederick. You're her brother, did you say you told the last time you met, he can't alter that."

"He would if he could, confessed him for that and all other handsomes," said the young man, impatiently. "But nothing can come of this subject now, and let us have done with it in the Devil's name."

"Agreed," returned Quilp, "Agreed on my part, readily. Why have I alluded to it? Just to show you, Frederick, that I have always used your friend. You little know who was your friend and who your foe; now did you? You thought I was against you, and so I was in a coolness between us; but it was all on your side, entirely on your side. Let's shake hands again, Fred."

With his head sunk down between his shoulders, and a hideous grin overspreading his face, the dwarf stood up and stretched his short arm across the table. After a moment's hesitation, the young man stretched his out to meet it; Quilp clutched his fingers in a grip that for the moment compelled the current of the blood within them, and pressing his other hand upon his lip and frowning toward the unconscious Richard, relaxed them and sat down.

This action was not lost upon Trent, who, knowing what Richard Swiveller was a mere tool in his hands and knew no other, had no design than he thought proper to communicate, saw that the dwarf perfectly understood their relative positions, and fully entered into the character of his friend. It is something to be appreciated, even in knavery. This silent homage to his superior abilities was no less than a source of the power with which the dwarf's quick perception had already invested him, inclined the young man toward him more than ever worthy, and determined him to profit by his aid.

It being now Mr. Quilp's turn to change the subject, with all treacherous intent, he placed Swiveller in his heedlessness should reveal anything which it was unexpedient for the woman to know, he proposed a glass of brandy-and-water hugs; and partners being cast for, Mr. Quilp fell to Frederick Trent, and Dick himself to Quilp. Mrs. Jiniwin being very fond of cards was certainly excited by her son-in-law's proposal to participation in the game, and had assigned to her the duty of occasionally replenishing the glasses from the cooler. Mr. Quilp had the honorable keeping one eye constantly upon her, lest she should by any means procure a taste of the same, and thereby vanishing the wretched old lady (who was as much attached to the case-bottle as the cards) at a double degree and most ingenious manner.

But it was not to Mrs. Jiniwin alone that Mr. Quilp's attention was restricted, as several other matters required his constant vigilance. Among his various eccentric habits he had a humorous one of always cheating at cards, which rendered necessary on her part, not only a close observance of the game, and a sleight-of-hand in counting and scoring, but also involved the constant correction, by looks and frowns, and kicks under the table, of Richard Swiveller, who being

swallowed by the fiddling with which his auditors were told, and the relish of which the page travelled down the board, could not be prevented from occasional expressions of impatience on behalf of Mrs. Quilp too was the partner of young Trent, and for every look that passed between them, and every word they spoke, and every nod they plotted, the dwarf had eyes and ears; not excepting mines with what was passing above the table, he with significant looks, which he exchanged from time to time had all kinds of traps to detect; besides who treading on his wife's toes to one whether she could see or not remained where under the pretence, in which latter case it would have been quite clear that Trent had been treading on her toes before. Yet in the midst of all these distractions, the one eye was upon the old lady always, and if she so much as stealthily advanced a tea-spoon toward a neighboring glass (which she often did), for the purpose of administering her own sup of its sweet contents, Quilp's hand would convert it in the very moment of her triumph, and Quilp's morning must inquire her to repeat the precious health. And in any one of these his many arms, from first to last, Quilp never flagged nor faltered.

At length, when they had played a great many rubbers and drawn pretty freely upon the contents of the jug, Quilp warned his lady to retire to rest, and that submissive wife complying, and being followed by her indignant mother, Mr. Swosselle fell asleep. The dwarf betaking his remaining companion to the other end of the room, held a short conference with him in whispers.

"It's as well not to say more than one can help before our worthy friend," said Quilp, making an ominous nod at the slumbering Dick, "but a bargain between us, Fred? Shall be merry little Roy Nell, by and by?"

"You have some end of your own to answer, of course," returned the other.

"Of course I have, dear Fred," said Quilp, grinning to think how little he suspected what the end was. "If it's retaliation, perhaps I owe it hope when. I have influence, Fred, to help or oppose. What's my shall I use it?"

"Use it for both, if you can," said Trent.

"Throw it into mine then," said Trent.

"It's done, Fred," rejoined Quilp, stretching out his clinched hand and opening it as he spoke, but some weight fall out. "It's in the scale from this time, and turns it, Fred. Mind that."

"Where have they gone?" asked Trent.

Quilp shook his head, and said that point remained to be discovered, which it might be, easily. What it was, they would begin their preliminary advances. He would visit the old man, or even Richard Swosselle might visit him, and by affectating a deep concern for his health and imploring him to address in some worthy home, lead to the child's remembering him with gratitude and favor when impressed in that respect, it would be easy he said, to win her in a year or two, for she supposed the old man to be poor, as it was a part of his jealous policy (in common with many other tenants) to feign to be so, to those about him.

"He has feigned it often enough to me, of late," said Trent.

"Oh! and to me too!" replied the dwarf.—"Which is more extraordinary, as I know how rich he really is."

"I suppose you about it," said Trent.

"I think I should indeed," rejoined the dwarf, and in that, at least, he spoke the truth.

After a few more whispered words, they returned to the table, and the young man rousing Richard Swosselle informed him that he was waiting to depart. This was welcome news to Dick, who started up directly. After a few words of confidence in the result of their project had been exchanged, they bade the grinning Quilp good night.

Quilp crept to the window as they passed in the same order, and listened. Trent was pronouncing an encomium upon his wife, and they were overwhelming by wise exclamation what had been brought to pass by such a drunkard wretch as he. The dwarf after watching their retreating shadows with a wider grin than his face had yet displayed, stole softly in the dark to bed.

In this hatching of their scheme, neither Trent nor Quilp had had one thought about the impression or identity of poor innocent Nell. If words have been strange of the careless profligate who was the butt of both, had been harassed by any such consideration; if he high opinions of Trent were sterile and deserts rendered the project rather a loathsome one than otherwise; and if he had been roused by no unusual a guest as robbery, he would—being a brute only in the gratification of his appetites—have scouted his connexion with the plan that he did not mean to bear or fall to wife, and would therefore, after all said and done, be a very tolerable, average husband.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

It was not until they were quite exhausted and could no longer maintain the pace at which they had fled from the race-ground, that the old man and the child ventured to stop, and sit down to rest upon the borders of a little wood. Here, though the sun was below them their view, they could yet faintly distinguish the scene of distant sports, the hum of voices, and the beating of drums. Climbing the eminence which lay between them and the spot they left, the child could even discern the fluttering flags and white tops of booths; but no person was approaching to avoid them, and their resting place was solitary and still.

Some time elapsed before she could re-assure her trembling companion, or induce him to take a meal of moderate tranquility. His disordered imagination represented to him a crowd of persons stealing toward them from the corner of the bushes, lurking in every ditch, and peeping from the boughs of every resting tree. He was haunted by apprehensions of being led captive to some gloomy place where he would be chained and consigned, and worse than all, where Nell could never come to see him, or through any bars and gratings in the wall. His terrors affected the child. Separation from her grandfather was the greatest evil she could dread; and feeling for the time no though, go where they would, they were to be hunted down, and could never be safe but in feeling her heart failed her, and her cour age drooped.

In one so young, and so unused to the scenes on which she had lately entered, that sinking of the spirit was not surprising. But, nature often assumes gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms —offtimes, God bless me, in female breasts—and when the cold, casting her fearful eyes upon the old man, remembered how weak he was, and how delicate and tender he would be if she failed now, her heart swelled within her, and animated her with new strength and fortitude.

"We are quite safe now, and have nothing to fear, indeed, dear grandfather," she said.

"Nothing to fear!" returned the old man.—"Nothing to fear if they took me from thee!—Nothing to fear if they parted us! Nobody is true to me. No, not one. Not even Nell!"

"Oh! do not say that," replied the child, "for if ever anybody was true at heart, and earnest, I am. I am sure you know I am."

"Then how," said the old man, looking fearfully round, "how can you bear to think that we are safe, when they are searching for me everywhere, and may come here, and steal upon us, even while we're talking?"

"Because I'm sure we have not been followed," said the child. "Judge for yourself, dear grandfather; look round, and see how quiet and still it is. We are alone together, and may ramble where we like. Not safe! Could I feel easy—and I feel at ease—when any danger threatened you?"

"True, true," he answered, pressing her hand, but still looking anxiously about. "What noise was that?"

"A bird," said the child, "flying into the wind, and lending the way for us to follow. You remember that we said we would walk in woods and fields, and by the side of rivers, and how happy we would be—you remember that? But here, while the sun shines down our heads, and everything is bright and happy, we are sitting still down, and losing time. See what a pleasant path; and then, if you please, we will rest, now no time to another spot, and stays to sing—Come?"

When they rose up from the ground, and took the shady track which led them through the wood, the bounded on before; pausing but may footsteps to look back, and beckon him to come on. His timidity, however, soon began to wear off, and the old man, with a smile upon his face, would stop to wonder at their boldness, and then she lured the old man on, with playful words, as she had lured the child on before, pointing stealthily to some lone bird as it perched sat twittered on a branch that allayed across their path, and then stopped to listen to its song that broke the happy silence, or watch the one as it trembled through the leaves, and stealing in among the tried trunks of some old trees, opened long paths of light. As they passed onward, parting the boughs that clustered in their way, the morning which the child had first assumed, into into her breast in earnest; the old man cast no longer fearful looks behind, but felt at ease and cheerful, for the farther they passed into the deep green shade, the more they felt that this tranquil mind of God was there and shed its peace on them.

At length the path becoming clearer and less intricate, they issued from the wood into a public road. Taking their way along it for a short distance, they came to a lane, so shaded by the trees on either side that they met together overhead, and arched the narrow way.—A broken finger post announced that this led to a village three miles off; and thither they resolved to bend their steps.

The noise appeared so long that they soon went through it, and were again in the open air. Not at last, to their great joy, it led downward in a steep descent, with overhanging banks over which the hedges waved; and the clusters of roofs of the village peeped out from the woody hollow below.

It was a very small place. The men and women were playing at cricket on the green; and so the other folks were looking on, they wandered up and down, uncertain where to seek a humble lodging. There was but one old inn in the little garden before his cottage, and him they were afraid of approaching, for he was the schoolmaster, and had "school" written upon his face, as plain on black letters on a white board. He was a pale, simple looking man, of a spare and meagre habit, and sat smoking his pipe at the window, smoking his pipe, in the little porch before his door.

Continued on our next.

The Abdication of the Revolution.

The following beautiful allusion to the Soldiers of the Revolution were made by Mr. Webster at the late meeting in Faneuil Hall.

Gentlemen: The particular purpose of our meeting this morning, is to pay our respects to those Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary Army who have been spared to us to this day and generation. It is now my most welcome duty to tender to them in your names, your felicitations and salutations.

Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary Army! The vast assemblage of the free old sons of New England here present, the great number of our fellow citizens from other States, who met yesterday at Bunker Hill to express their gratitude upon political topics, have instructed me to tell you of the pleasure they felt at seeing you among them. They beg you to consider them as your brethren, and as Whigs you fought amid the fire and blood of the Revolution. Venerable Fathers! they will not dishonor that noble union upon which you have conferred renown as corporations, but understand your principles, they are our principles. We indeed claim them; we cherish them; and we will transmit them as our best legacy to our children. There is no man who can remain unmoved, if, in any assembly, he meets with even a small remnant of that gallant band who fought our battles, and who poured out their blood in defence of that spot where we meet to-day. And I undertake to say that the Whigs of this generation, both in public and in private, and in all things upon which they are called to act—if they have not before been there, others of their race have not been before them in the respect and gratitude they pay to the Whigs of the Revolution. Indeed it is not possible for us to console—upon the traditionary history of the land—upon the general recollection of the —that we have not been there. Those Soldiers, your sons are not deficient in filial duty to you, nor in gratitude for your revolutionary efforts.

It is now fifty years since, which, in the progress of that great man, the early and firm friend of America—LAFAYETTE—was reminded to visit the United States. He was received with a welcome which has since made some progress, and which is destined to perpetuate to the latest generations the remembrance of that joy and astonishment

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance of six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "Free" or itself is not a frank.

All persons desiring their letters with their names of Editors.

No letters will not be taken from the Post office on the Sabbath, except by mail.

Papers discontinued at the end of the current half year, unless ordered, and then only at the option of the Publishers, if subscribers are in arrears.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for papers.

Letters on business relative to this office must be post paid, or they will not be attended to; and letters containing remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and town and the

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of post age, in advance, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

Remarks most always close the Post office reasonably, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

We are sorry we cannot oblige "Alice." Perhaps an other effort might be more successful. The metre is particularly easy—flat. Reading good parts will mend however correct the ear.

"Farewell" is on file. Some of the stanzas are excellent.

"Answer" by *Edward* is fair, for a first effort. It is under consideration.

"Answer," by our old correspondent *A Hermit* shall appear. His offerings are always welcome.

"Hesperus" is entitled to a premium for writing best poetry on worse subjects. Let him remember his name and address, and call at the Post Office for next paper. Time send them to us if he likes.

"E. W." is under consideration.

One or two articles received this week have been crowded at out. Our correspondents must have patience.

In answer to "Justice," we have only to say that it was our intention to publish the excellent document of Mr. Stewart, signed "Justice" in our last paper. As to the matter, consequent on the arrest of the English Magistrate, none has for it as to deny it. We do sympathize too regret, because the address has already been extensively circulated.

"Cynicus"—not to day. Can such lines "—them be call ed poesy?

"The asthma—the asthma!
It chokes with hateful breath,
And from every harmless hill side
The woods are torn by death."

The image reminds us of a fellow running down hill *helter skelter*, and in vain trying to check his career.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Beverly Bank, Beverly, Mass. 5's letter A, altered from Dedham Bank; can be detected by the signatures—the altered bills are signed James Phillips, Cashier, A. Quimby, Pres't.

Farmers Bank, Gardiner, Me. 5's 10's, altered from 1's. They can easily be detected by noticing the "5" after the word dollars, which is badly done.

Farmers Bank, Canton, Ohio. 5's spurious—Vignette two female figures standing, the one bearing a staff of wheat in her right arm. The Falls are made popular to J. Hand, and dated in 1839, signed Lewis Fogle, Cash. Jno. Hayes, Sec't. The impression is fair, but the color sugar ing is tolerably good, purporting to be by Draper Wright & Co. This bank has not issued any notes under 10's since 1834, when no small notes are signed by Lewis Fogle, Cash.

Cayuga Co. Bank, Auburn N. Y. 5's letter B. The engravings is correct—the vignette Ajax bearing shield, and the whole bill is badly executed.

Farmers Bank of Richmond, Va. 10's spurious, letter A, payable to different persons and of various dates in 1838; may be detected by the vignette—a female figure sitting on a rock, hold ing in left hand a pole and cap, and in the right resting on a sheaf of wheat. In the distance clouds and tobacco, &c. growing. Signed W. Mackenzie, Cash. Wm. Price, Pres't. The bill in the centre is a medallion head of Madison, and on the right Lafayette. The engraving is a spectacular counterfeit.

General News.

COAL TRADE.—The Schuylkill Coal trade for the week ending on Thursday last, amounted to 15,370 tons; per last report 266,653, total this season 281,977.

On the Lehigh Canal for the week ending on Thursday last 2,109 tons were transported during the week ending on Thursday last —total this season 53,147 tons.

On the Mid Creek rail road 22,185 tons were transported up to Wednesday last.

On the Schuylkill Valley rail road 27,000 tons have been transported this season.

On the Mine Hill and Schuylkill Haven rail road 119,794 tons were transported up to Thursday last.

The Delaware and Hudson coal trade for the season amounts to 90,994.

PROBABLE MURDER.—We perceive by the N. York Commercial and Gazette of Friday last, that a Mr. Mansfield, a resident of Long Island, was severely injured by the blow upon the head with a hammer, which he received from a man named Jacob Wood, Bullion's Island. It was discovered lying on the shore by one of the sol diers. It was entirely naked, and the breast was marked, as if by a stone. The head also was in jured. It did not appear to be but a smooth old. Another wound was found in the abdomen, which appeared to have been made with a knife. From this wound the intestines protruded. A coroner's jury decided that the infant had come to its death by some violence, but from all that had been ascertained believe it had come to its death by violence.

GLUE FACTORY CONDEMED.—We learn from the New York Post, that the extensive glue factory situated on Williamsburg, L. I. belonging to Peter Cooper, Alderman of the sixteenth ward in New York, was entirely consumed by fire on the 13th instant, together with a quantity of bailing hoops contained by the workmen of the factory. The loss of Mr. Cooper will be between forty and fifty thousand dollars, not a small portion of which is insured.

FIRES.—The barn and out buildings of Sheriff Welling, in Warwick Orange county, New York, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday night, with a large quantity of grain and straw and a valuable horse. The loss is about $6,000.

A barn in Cornwall, belonging to E. S. Sutherland, Esq. was also burned the same night. The latter is supposed to have been fired of wilfully. The former to have been a case of spontaneous combustion.

THREE MEN DROWNED.—Three men, named Capt Hedge, James Sallour, and Rose, lost their lives on Monday the 31st ult., during a storm on Lake Erie by the upsetting of a sail boat in which they were proceeding from Sandusky to Middlebrook. A fourth individual, named Anthony Fink, remained lashed to the bottom of the boat till near night on the following day, when he was perceived by still more a spark of life left.

FIRE AT NATCHEZ.—A fire occurred at Natchez on the 8th instant, by which Messrs. Mansfield's cotton and commission house were consumed. The store in the rear

Scandalum.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the N. O. Picayune.

A Deserts' Passion.

Mr. Sunday as a gentleman
You've been brought up genteely;
He speaks the finest kind o' words,
In fact he's mostly lovely.
A very handsome dresser you,
Real slippers for his feet;
From eyes, and teeth, and air so fair—
He isn't to be beat.

Mr. Sunday evidently knows
Yot every thing's ah-ni,
He smiles as knowingly before
You half the joke is out;
He shows with an intelligence
Some people might call money,
A kind of sensibility
That others might call—penny!

Well, sweet Miss Sunk's has brought up two
Unlucky sisters;
She's elegant as any thin'—
In fact she's quite a miss!
She's a peculiar figure, with
Wiry pessevior ways;
And they'll be some she assimilates
Each syllable she says.

She's prostitutely peculiar when
You look upon her nothing—
For chin is rather backward, while
She's forward in the corner line!
But view her full, her eyes half shut
With a natural sort o' languish,
And then her eye brows workin' with
A sort of mental anguish!

Well, sweet Miss S. is gone home,
And Mr. S. is also,
The only question you, very odd
That matters not about it all;
And Mr. Smiley—knows her not,
Ain't heard of Sunday's mother!
And by a sudden sympathy
Very near they knows each other!

It's pleasant to mark youthful hearts,
Rush cross no dam's nor offers,
Why, every thing about 'em is
A matter as they suffers!
To mark the thaw of sympathy
Which his first smile awakens—
And other matters which take place
You they think as no one watches!

Their flame was not perceptible
At first as it was new,
For while the stomach's queer, the heart
Don't get a chance nowhere—
But now they know about the sun
And other both together.
And how it don't shine o'ers
They doesn't mind the weather!

We don't know how they'll settle it,
We can't find out a word thereof;
Ya lays our finger on our nose
And wisely gives a wink
It's wrong to mock young couple's steps
In visions their delights;
May heaven send 'em brighter hours,
And regular darker nights! ROLAND.

Curious Scene in the English House of Commons.

One of the most remarkable among the many disputes that have arisen on classical passages, took place on the floor of the House of Commons in 1740, and is described in Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole. It appears that Sir Robert, then prime minister, being threatened with articles of impeachment for corrupt practices, declared, "that he was not conscious of any crime to deserve accusation. He laid his hand on his breast and quoted with some emotion the line,

"Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpae."

Mr. Pulteney observed that the Right Hon. Gentleman's Latin and logic were equally inaccurate, as Horace had written "nulla pallescere culpa." The minister defended his quotation; and Pulteney repeating his assertion, he offered a wager of a guinea. Pulteney accepted the challenge, and referred the decision of the dispute to the minister's friend, Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, a man distinguished for classical erudition. Hardinge decided against Walpole; the guinea was immediately thrown to Pulteney, who caught it, and holding it up to the House exclaimed, "It is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last."

"Is the ratt so, I said so?"—This a good one: A gentleman said that he was out in a storm at sea once, that frightened him almost out of his wits. He was in the cabin, and the vessel was rolling and pitching, and he was sick and scared too, he had been in a gale of wind at sea that alarmed him so, that it turned his wig in one night. "Sir," said the first gentleman, "do you mean to dispute my word?" "No," said the other, "do you mean to doubt mine?"

FAIR EXCHANGE.—A butler, at the last fair of the American Institute, had some splendid pattern hats in a show case under contract to leave his old castor in the place of one of those superb articles, with which he marched off. The proprietor was pleased to see the brown shovel ton in the place of his black perfection.—"Due to a rascally robbery," said he. "No," replied a consoling friend, "it is only a fair exchange."

BIG MEN.—A country gentleman of the name of Pepper, had seven several times thrown from a spirited young horse, and was one day relating the circumstance to his friend, Lord N., at the room time observing that he had never given his horse a name. "I think," replied Lord N. "you should call him Pepper sauce."

HOW TO TEACH A CHILD TO PRONOUNCE.—A lady was recently teaching a boy to spell. The boy spelt, c-a-t-d, but could not pronounce it. In vain his teacher asked him to think and try. At last she raised him, "what do you get when you go out upon the wet sidewalk in a rainy day, and wet your feet?" "I gits a whopping."

A CIGARETTE.

Let me just and see to-day,
And then for flirting home away."

The life of a cigarette is very like that of a drunkard of an opium eater; and its end in the account—the utter extinction of intellect, of classfulness, of generous feeling, and of self-respect.

EXCELLENT.—Four water beatily into a vessel with a narrow neck, little onions; pour gradually, and by degrees, the water into the vessel is filled." Such is the simile employed by Quintilian to show the folly of teaching children too much at a time.

NOTHING NEW.—They do say that there is nothing new under the sun, but if there isn't a pair of new stockings," said an old woman, just as she took the last stitch, "time I'm mistaken, there's all."

POETRY.—The following is a new specimen of poetry:

"The washed people fed agree,
And old cold comes to me,
To have to bring and put on a mess,
With a long pepper nose."

CRITICAL.—For "perpetual and solitary confinement for life," says an exchange, "he reminds us of our old professor, who used to say, "you see here, young gentlemen, a perforated tube with a hole through it."

AUNT ARCTIC.—"Mother," who is this Aunt Arctic they have found down south ?" "I don't know, child—some old maid—some of our relation that's excluded."

EPIGRAM.

On a Lady who had her Mouth Shattered.

Come hither, fair Rose, my portion to have,
What! thorn you, my love? don't think so—I'm sure!
I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it does well, it has done you!

A PARTICULAR.—A country editor says that it is a fact which should never be lost sight of in the present struggle for the Presidency, that the terms of the papers are cash, *our* months in advance.

HARD TO GET.—An editor down east advertises for "A David of good moral character."

The beginnings of sin are modest, the issues of it are insolent.

No Fair or Reciting a Gunshot Wound.—There is no pain whatever in first receiving a gunshot wound; the blow is scarcely felt, or if it, it seems like that proceeding from a stone flung with a degree of violence, and it is not until the blood has ceased to flow, and a partial inflammation set in, that the individual begins to suffer. When Captain Gordon, of the 58th, was mortally wounded at Vimiera, the effect at the moment, of the blow upon his person was remarkable. In fact how, I scarcely know, my attention, imagining that his extraordinary manner of turning to the rear, proceeded from the sudden impulse of panic on his mind; but I was soon confirmed of the real cause; for, after going about half a dozen paces, he bounded from the earth, and then dropped flat upon his back. A rifle ball, entering to the left, a little below his breast, penetrated his heart; his death was consequently instantaneous. The cool and determined expression was still stamped upon his countenance, and the calm tranquility of the grave had taken the place of the agitating passion, by which as lately he had been actuated.

Colonel Hill, of the 50th, who was wounded on the Pyrenees, was, at first, struck by a spent ball, which, from its force, and not penetrate the skin, hit him with so much force upon the groin that he would have fallen to the ground had not support immediately been rendered him; and, when in the act of putting his hand where he felt the blow, another bullet struck him on the forehead. His more obvious wounds from death cannot be accounted for in any other way than that the ball must have come obliquely; the os frontis was, however, fractured: it was the closest shaving I ever recovering, at his time of life, a person that he must have been gifted with a naturally hale and vigorous constitution. Lieut. O——— received a sharp contusion on the shoulder, the severity of which may be conceived when it is known, that the officer fell apparently as much hurt that the surgeons ordered him to the rear. On his way to the hospital station, the bullet that was supposed to have made a lodgment in his body had nearly knocked him down, and was quietly dropped into his clothes. The force of riding shook it from its original position, when, upon a little close examination, it was found to have got a bullet in the pocket of his trousers. In the battle of Fuentes d'Honore, a cannon ball carried away the legs of Corporal Mulready's horse, and those of another close by; likewise, in its travels, carrying off the leg of Col Grant, of the 92d regiment, by way of trade to its predecessor.—*Major Patterson's Camp and Quarters.*

A Military Execution.

A military execution is a terrible sight at any time, but a civil execution, I know nothing of the guillotine except from engravings; but my duty has frequently nailed me opposite to a writhing fellow-creature who has been shot. What the state of his pulse was I know not; but certainly his heart did not throb with greater violence than mine. The troops form three sides of a square; the fourth is left vacant for the passage of the balls. Great military show is purposely made, and certainly with good reason; for, since a terrible example is to be made it ought to be rendered impressive to those who are left behind. The culprit arrives, accompanied by a priest. The drums all at once beat a march till the sufferer is in the centre of the troops. They then send a hen, as that hen is called which precedes and follows every kind of proclamation. The captain-reporter reads the sentence, the firemen of the platoon are then made to kneel down: he is blindfolded, and twelve corporals, commanded by an adjutant selected from the whole regiment, by way of a treat, are ordered to step forward. They fire! Suddenly, generally, the agony of the sufferer the word of command is not uttered; the additional malice again interest of them in his case. In one instance he was not killed outright, as it sometimes happens, a reserve platoon, composed of four men, is ready to despatch him by clapping their muskets close to pieces to his head. It is with an oppressed heart that I describe these horrors. Melancholy recollections crowd upon me: the wretched creatures whom I have seen on their knees at this fatal hour at all those executions, when they happened to take place near a town, some of the fair ladies belonging to it never failed to be present. With their delicate nerves, they made interest to obtain a place where they could have a good view; and there, next day, they were all ill of a pallet was killed in their presence. After the execution of the sentence, all the troops defile before the corpse. They then return to their quarters, the circumstance is talked of for two or three days, and very soon forgotten. I have seen many of those unfortunate men die with admirable fortitude. have seen some of them address the regiment, and then give the command to fire, while not a syllable denoted the slightest emotion in them. But the man who, in this predicament, displayed the most astonishing courage was Mahi. Observing a soldier, with twelve of his accomplices in the plain of Grenelle, he, as the chief of the conspirators, asked permission to give the command to fire. "Carry—arms!" cried he, in a tone of thunder. "That will do," he added, "to begin again. Your pores on the arse, all of you! Carry—arms! Good! Platoon—arms! Present—fire!" All fell excepting Mahi: he was left standing alone. "And why not me? asked soon de Dieu! Reserve platoon, forward! Right! Carry—arms! Platoon—arms! Present—fire!" *Lights and Shades of Military Life.*

Destruction of Life in Ancient Wars.

Accustomed as we are to the effects of war in civilized times, we can form the most faint idea of that followed by an increase in the numbers of the people, it is difficult to form a conception of the multitudes which it produced in ancient times, when the void produced by the sword is not supplied by the impulse of public tranquility. A few facts will serve to give a general idea of the ancient ages. It is ascertained by an exact computation, that when the three great capitals Ecbatana were destroyed by Tigranes, 4,247,000 persons were put to the sword. At the same time 700,000 people were slain in the city of Memphis, which had been in the space of a century the capitals Nineveh; and the desolation produced a century and a half before by the sack of Carthage by Scipio, that, if it should be true in general, when the ravages of this mighty conqueror and his Moguel followers in the country between the Caspian and the Indus, that they almost exterminated the inhabitants; and few subsequent conquests have been unable to repair the ravages of four years. An army of Timour, the Tartar, 1,247,000 persons Genghiss, so completely laid waste the provinces to the north of the Danube, that they have never since regained their former number; and to the famine consequent upon the irruption of the same barbarians into the Chinese empire, 13,000,000 are computed to have perished. During the invasions of Timour, the tower of the most flourishing cities of Asia, including Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, and Damascus, were utterly destroyed; and pyramids of the heads of the slain, each of which contained 90,000 skulls, erected on their ruins. During thirty-two years of the reign of Justinian, the barbarians under the command of the emperors and western provinces lose during the same disastrous period. In the wars of Belisarius in Africa, 5,000,000 of the Vandals were decimated by a contemporary writer to have perished; and during the contests between that illustrious warrior and his successor Narses, and the barbarian army in Italy, the whole Gothic nation and nearly of men millions which followed those sanguinary contests carried off still greater numbers than the sword; and during the fifty-two years that it desolated the Roman empire, it is said to have destroyed a *hundred millions* of inhabitants.—*Alison's Principles of Population.*

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My First Love.

When first thy cheek smile awoke
Love's wizard fancy within my breast;
Life's gilly morn had scarcely broke,
Or youthful spring began to blossom;

The fairest form my sight e'er met,
In full of grace in every motion,
Led my young heart its homage pay,
And first the thrill of love's emotion.

Thy soft blue eye whose tender glance,
Its melting witchery well avowed—
Can ever my life's spell, a trance,
Text in its mystic fetters bound me.

Thy still arrest, or speech or action
No other voice could ever inspire;
Accents of love so pure and warm
Ran through my soul like sacred fire.

Our's were the joys that purely can feel,
Else care imposte not and incumber,
The "bright, bright" was highly real—
All that in youth seems worth possession.

Though fruitful fields and meadows gay,
In throughfare south we met delighted;
Our hopes were brighter than the day,
Our love was a theme—never blighted.

Twas on a mellow autumn night,
When silver-like sparkled the stars around;
As the pale moon beam's quivering light,
All Nature's silken fetters bound me.

The gloomy night-star with fitful ray,
From t'the deep gloom of night's dominion;
Darling they said, or should it say,
Twas in a form of beauty.

Heaven, earth and sea, with all their host,
Shall witness me while on this earth I'm living
All but the memory now is lost,
Of other stars sweet, but vain and fleeting.

Now and the vampire—now dread the shock,
That did our hearing become never?
Oh! more sacred would be the word,
Than but her face, and God forever.

That fashion form, that idol love ever,
That still seems rising sinkeless to perish
In death's cold grave—that love they left,
Where none can comfort—none can cherish.

Love like a beauty is not true—
And hope supports my drooping spirit,
To make my grave a haven for rest,
Where I may soon rest with Ethelind.

Rock Spring, Ky. Sept. 7, 1848. ANTONIO.

Ladies' Department.

The Wife.

Woman's love, like the rose blooming in the desert, spreads its sweets in the darkest places of the human heart—and while all around it is blank and desolate, it rises more strengthened against the storms of every other passion. The situation dear the love of woman appear more beautiful than in that of wife; parents, brethren and friends, have claims upon the affections, but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother; but the feelings which endure her to this conduct, are not such as those which induce a wife to follow the husband of her choice through every gloom of fate, and to hold him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even remain unaltered at his side, in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hopeless husband: when we behold her in the midst of the most passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and grateful for the caresses pay which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being who seems to hold existence by a thread, is capable of displaying the energies of human suffering may, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she alone can bear without prostration of mind, and support by her words of comfort and patience, in the distracted countenance to peace and resignation.

Man prides by possession with love, but woman more; their constitutes of mind are different—the principles of thought and action are modified variously, and where the fine nature of man is dignified and ennobled, that of woman becomes refined and degraded. The one is raised and exalted by mingled passions, but the purity of the other is maintained in silence and seclusion.

[illegible] as good, as the help-mate of man; formed in a superior, though inferior mould, and endowed with purer and better feelings—stronger and more exalted affections, to play a distinct character in the great drama of human life and action. In fact, to record the toil and labors of man. God made her not man's slave, neither to buffet the billows of the troubled sea of life, to mingle in the elements of public duties; and to share his pleasures, to console his troubled thoughts, to yoke with him in his joy, and to stand by him in his sorrows, by her participation, and to ameliorate his griefs by kindness and endearments. Connection with the world destroys those other traits of feeling. She beholds around the slightest confusion in them—the creature of evil—the slave of delusion and the votary of innocence—the slave of the slightest of all the blights and beauties around the senses of guile, fraud and villainy that meet the eyes, the glances at every turn, gradually stifle the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that unsophisticated purity of soul, or if you will, those feelings of romance, which are all bend; and the most productive, perhaps, of happiness the sex which "Heaven made to temper man."

Courtship.

Courting a pretty girl when *both* love, is a very interesting affair. Not a doubt of that. But if you love and she don't, it is a horse of a dreams. The hope to win her wears away into a weary task, and procrastinate then may prove, "a cruel delay!" to feel its cure. Yet there are those who think to win success in such "a case," by coaxing and words. Vain hope! A humming bird, upon the first approach of spring, woos with the sunlight and the flowers, or dashing to its dream like beauty, like a thought—from captivity had to forget. Moreover, were success thought then such enticing fair one to the gladness of her morning bloom. Who find the love of that love, and courtship ceases to be a mere lounging-for! cheer—industry wears into decency, and a happy association in a happy marriage is the pleasant end and "upshot" thereof.

Universality of Authorship.

We say it in shame, sorrow, and contradiction—we never yet met a man who had not written one or more books, and we do not expect ever to meet with so perfect a human being on this side the grave. We once for a few brief hours to fancy ourselves that we had done so, even on this "dim spot" which men call earth. We were retaining about twenty years ago by the Carlisle and Cumberland, after a long absence, to be the legislial and protective day in Tweed's crystalline stream. The evening had closed with many a lovely tint, upon the dark and deep waters, and with the sunlight and the flowers, or dashing to its dream like beauty, like a thought—from captivity had to forget. Moreover, were success thought then such enticing fair one to the gladness of her morning bloom. We find the love of that love, and courtship ceases to be a mere lounging-for! cheer—industry wears into decency, and a happy association in a happy marriage is the pleasant end and "upshot" thereof.

Conformity